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THE RANCHMAN'S DAUGHTER.

She seems indeed the child of grace,
With perfect form and witching face
In which no vanity I trace
Of all the arts that nature taught her;
And very modest, good and kind
Is this sweet maiden to my mind,
And not a fault is there to find
In the ranchman's pretty daughter.

She rides her horse with perfect ease,
Can kill a deer where'er she please,
And knows the names of flowers and trees,
And sings the songs sweet birds have taught her.
She fish all come to seize her hook,
She takes the finest in the brook,
And now my heart is also took
By the ranchman's pretty daughter.

She rules the kitchen like a queen,
And keeps the house so neat and clean
There's not a cobweb to be seen,
Though all the hands that never falter.
Her voice clear as a matin bell;
Her lips as sweet as honey; well,
There's lots more things I'd like to tell
Of the ranchman's pretty daughter.

I love to claim her mine some day
And take her miles and miles away,
To my fair home upon the bay,
Across the ocean's waste of water;
And there with gems I'll deck her brow
And worship her as I do now,
The ranchman's pretty daughter.

—N. S. Cox.

Hypnotic Sleep.

An interesting case of changing natural into hypnotic sleep has been contributed by the Amsterdam physician, Dr. Rentzhem, to The Tydschrift voor Geneeskunde. "Some days ago," he writes, "I traveled together in a railway carriage with a friend whom I had cured of rheumatism by hypnotic suggestion. He fell asleep in the corner of the carriage, and I passed my hand three times over his face exactly as I had done when treating him by hypnotism. *Then I put his arm* in a horizontal position, in which it remained without movement, and whispered to him that he must continue to sleep till we reached our destination, when I expected him to hand over to me the five-guilder he owed me at the dinner table, and with a 'proper apology. The sleeper nodded and promised to do everything he was told. As soon as the train stopped he awoke, and when we were sitting at the table he handed the money over to me, with many apologies. The case shows that by merely passing the hand over the knee which was formerly diseased, the patient had fallen into that peculiar sleep which hitherto has only been brought on by looking fixedly at a patient, by addressing him and by shutting his eyelids."

George Washington at Home.

From The Middlesex Gazette of July 25, 1789 is taken the following relating to Washington and his home at Mt. Vernon, Va.:

Gen. Washington possesses 10,000 acres of land in one body, where he lives—constantly employs 250 hands—keeps twenty-four plows going all the year, when the weather will permit—sowed in 1787 600 bushels of oats, 700 acres of wheat, and proposed as much for corn, barley, potatoes, peas, beans, etc.—has near 500 acres in grass and sowed 150 with turnips. Has 130 horses, 112 cows, 235 working oxen, heifers and steers, and 500 sheep. The lands about his seat are all laid down in grass. The farms are scattered round at the distance of two, three, four or five miles, which the general visits every day—unless the weather is absolutely stormy.

He is constantly making various and extensive experiments for the improvement of agriculture. He is stimulated with the desire which always actuates him—to do good to his country and benefit to mankind.

In 1786 he killed 150 hogs, weighing 19,500 pounds, for his family's use (exclusive of provisions for his negroes), which was made into bacon.

The Encorer.

Of the same ilk is the one who eternally insists that when anything is done that particularly pleases him, the actor shall go over it again, often to the serious interruption of the harmony of the play and only too evidently to the disgust of the weary actor and to the utter amazement of the majority of the audience. But the encorer goes along in sublime ignorance of the fact that there is in this world any but himself and claps his hands and stamps his feet and pounds the floor with his umbrella, and if he be in the embryo condition, a sort of a full-fledged encorer in the gallery, he indulges in cat calls and shrill whistles. Thus he calls "enjoying the play," and this is what you escape in church.—Toledo Journal.

Unnatural History.

Edith came home from the kindergarten the other day, and said she had got through head of the natural history class.

"What was the question?" asked her mother.

"It was this: 'How many paws has a cat?'

"Well, how did you answer it?"

"I said: 'Three.'"

"And how did you manage to answer that answer?"

"Why, the other children all said 'Four.'"—Youth's Companion.

Whatever the number of a man's troubles, there will be times in his life when he has one too few; but if he has one enemy, he is lucky indeed if he has not one too many.—Bulwer Lytton.

PLUNKETT ON MARRYING.

THE OLD MAN TELLS WHAT HE THINKS ABOUT MARRIAGE.

A Budget of Good Advice Given in a Homely Way—The Little Things from Which Serious Troubles Grow—Seeing with Young and Old Eyes.

"Hard times or good times marrying goes on," said Plunkett, as he reached for Brown's tobacco.

"They married in war times and parted in an hour, and before the tears of the young bride were dry from the parting the wails of the widow took their place; but marrying went on, and the Confederate government would give er fellow er furlough to go home and marry when he couldn't get home no other way.

HIS OWN EXPERIENCE.

"Young folks will marry and there's no use in talking to 'em. They won't take nobody's word erbout this matter, they are never satisfied till they try it and then they haint satisfied after they try and they wouldn't erbin satisfied if they hadn't er tried, and so it goes, its natur to think you'd er done better to have done something that you didn't do and whatever you do you're sorry you done it.

"Every time me and my old 'oman has er quarrel she swears that she could er married 380 fellows that's er heap better than me and I'm keen to swear that there wasn't that many unmarried fellows in the whole of Pike in her raising, but you needn't talk to er woman when she gets mad with her old man, for it's natur for 'em to think they could er married any fellow they wanted and they're mighty apt to not mention any fellow in this connection but what has got to the legislature or done some other big thing—that is when they're mad.

"Folks that marry do well (sometimes), but folks that don't marry do er darned sight better—sometimes. But it's my honest notion that no man ever got worsted by marrying. The wimin are the ones who suffer, if there's any suffering. Er man that don't do well by marrying wouldn't have done well no how, and any man can do well if he's got er good wife and will make the right start. There's more in the first year of married life than in any ten years arter that. The big thing is to think. Set down on er log erway out in the woods and study. Study your own character and your wife's character and her kin folks' character and her kin folk's character and end it up by swearing, right out there by yourself and the log, that you will go to er home of your own if it's er rail pen covered with wheat straw, and that you won't deceive your wife in nothing as you hope for her to not deceive you.

"The first few months of married life is mighty nice, very nice, and any fool in Georgia can have er good time then. But this marrying business ain't for er few months; it's for life. The pet words like my little petsy, sugar, apple dumpling, sorghum lasses and sich have to give way to sich as 'I'm not able to get you er fine pair er shoes, or dress, or hat; I've not got the money.' Er few weeks before I was married my sweetheart cut her eyes at me in admiration, and I know she thought I was the biggest fellow in Pike; but I come up to the house suddenly er few months arter I was married, and she was ringing, and I stopped and listened and I caught these words:

"'But now he's too small for er family man.

"That was enough of that song. I cleared up my throat and here she come and took on over me, but I couldn't understand what she was using sich words as the ones in the song for, and I was er little cold, jist er little, but she noticed it, and I have realized since that big streams from little fountains flow, etc. Never have the first quarrel. I don't see why everybody don't think of this.

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

"Arter the honeymoon comes er season of a more substantial love. The love songs of the young days greet your ear as you approach the house.

"And then you've got to take the baby on your lap and pet it till the wife fixes the supper, and you're darned glad when it gets fixed, sometimes. One's enough, you think—you both think—but never mind, the day will come when that plump young mother will have er lot of 'em swinging onto her skirts, and it's all right, it's natur, and you wouldn't be satisfied without 'em, and children never kept folks from doing well any more than marrying did.

"I've seed Brown's wife with seven erround her bellering and following her wherever she would go, with one laying on er pallet in the middle of the kitchen kicking up its heels and crowing till the hound pup would grab the piece of fat meat from its hands and set it to bellowing too, and I wouldn't er been in their place for all they had, I thought; but another stage has come, and now I look upon the same children, fine men and wimin, and as the old folks go down the hill, at every rough place stands one of these, who reach out their hands and jump them over, and I would give the world to be like 'em.

"We never know what is best, and we are more than apt to be dissatisfied with whatever, is, but the start that young folks make in their early married life has er heap to do with their future. Men should keep on courting their wives and wives should pet their husbands. Little hugs and kisses between man and wife is like sweet things among children—they won't let on but they like it, and if er young couple will go off in er home of their own, never let the third party come into their affairs, spend one hundredth part of the exertion to please each other as in their 'courting days, they will be happy, money or no money, children or no children—but it's best to have er few."—Sarge in Atlanta Constitution.

The muscles of the human jaw produce a power equal to 434 pounds. This is only what science tells us, but we know the jaw of some of our lawyers is equal to a good many thousand pounds a year to them.

"I WAS WRONG."

A Sad Episode Illustrating the Sorrow Such Words Often Prevent.

One morning in Wilkesbarre there was a great colliery explosion. Hundreds of Cornish miners were killed and their corpses lay at the mouth of the coal mine for recognition.

Sitting at the mouth, by a pale corpse, was a young wife. She looked at her husband, but uttered no cry; her eyes were dry. She rocked herself to and fro, her face white with anguish.

"Oh, that I had spoke fair to him at the end!" she moaned. "Oh, that he would come to life one minute, that I could say, 'Jimmy, forgive me,' but nothing will help me now. Oh, I could bear it all if I had only spoke fair to him at the end. Oh, Jimmy!"

And then, at last, the story came. They had been married a year—she and Jim—and they both "had tempers," but Jim was always the first to make up. And this very morning they had had trouble.

It began because breakfast wasn't ready, and the fire wouldn't burn; and they said hard words, both of them. But at the very last, though breakfast had not been fit to eat, Jim had turned round at the door and said:

"Gi'e me a kiss, lass. You know you love me, and we won't part in ill blood."

"No, Jimmy, I don't love you," I said, petulantly.

"Gi'e me one kiss, lass," pleaded Jimmy.

"No, not one! and now"—and then the tears rushed to her eyes.

With awful sobs she flung her arms around the corpse.

"Darling Jimmy! Darling Jimmy, speak to me now," she mourned. "Say you forgive me!"

"Do not grieve so hopelessly," I said; "perhaps Jimmy knows what you feel now."

But the mourner's ears were deaf to all comfort, and the wailing cry came again.

"Oh, if I had only spoke to him fair at the last!"

It is not an uncommon story this. We quarrel with those we love, and part and meet and make up again; and death is merciful and waits till we are at peace. Yet how possible is just such an experience to any one of us, who parts with some dear one in anger, or who lets the sun go down upon their wrath! But it is always the noblest nature, the most loyal heart, which is the first to cry:

"I was wrong; forgive me."—Unidentified.

A Thief Can Hiss Villainy.

A Pinkerton detective who tracked an embezzler to the play says: "A melodrama was the attraction, and it was in the middle of the first act that I came in. I did not want to raise a disturbance, so I took a seat behind my man and prepared to wait until the end of the performance. The scenes in the play were strong, the villain being unusually diabolical and the hero and heroine noble and patient. Frequently the latter found occasion to express their abhorrence and condemnation of thieves and those who violate confidence reposed in them, and quite as frequently the villain scoffed at sentiments of virtue and honesty. I found my man hissing violently at the villain every time he got a chance, and nearly splitting his hands in frantic applause for the hero and heroine. Tears came in his eyes when the latter were suffering, and he could hardly restrain his fierce anger at the villian. Yet after the play he took his arrest coolly and confessed without a wink. When he was arraigned in the police court the next day he swore point blank that he had never stolen a cent, and called me a liar when I testified to his confession. I have met such cases frequently. When there is no self interest at stake many criminals are virtuous, but that is as far as their sentiment goes."—New York Sun.

Ancient Mexican Customs.

A writer upon ways and customs in Mexico states that the wealthier chiefs among that ancient people were accustomed to the protection of a cuirass made of thin plates of gold or silver, and over this was thrown a "sur coat" of richest feather work.

Their helmets were also marvels of curious workmanship, fashioned of wood in resemblance of the heads of wild animals, or of more lavish expenditure of silver, on the top of which waved a bunch of variegated plumes, sprinkled with precious stones and ornaments of gold. These fanfous warriors indulged, as well, in fancy collars, earrings and bracelets, and bore with them banners of gayest hue; in all of these singularly devised adornments, feathers of the richest and rarest held prominent place.—Exchange.

Foot Notes a Nuisance.

A writer in the London St. James Gazette objects strongly to the use of foot notes in books, and particularly criticises Mr. Bryce's recent work on this account. He says: "Except for the purpose of relieving the text of references, the foot note has no proper place in any book that deserves to be called a book. It is at best a kind of purgatorio, to which an author consigns such remarks as he thinks unworthy of admitting to full honors, and yet has not the courage to cast out altogether. But there is hardly a page of Mr. Bryce's book without foot notes, and hardly a foot note which might not well have been incorporated in the text. Often, indeed, the foot note contains the very 'plum' of the page."

A Refrigerator in a Church Tower.

The church and the ale house have been frequently associated by the irreverent, but it remained for the city of London to exhibit an instance of a well known church being actually occupied by the kitchen servitors of a restaurant. One of the church wardens of this church recently ascended the tower and discovered that the cooks of a neighboring eating house—the kitchen being situated at the top of the building—had made an entrance into the tower and utilized it as a storehouse. No doubt it was a cool and safe chamber; but it is scarcely necessary to add that the legs of mutton, Camembert cheese, and the other dainties were bundled forth without any ceremony and measures adopted to protect the sacred edifice from such worldly intrusion in the future.—London Press.

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PROCLAMATION CONCERNING DOGS IN THE TOWNSHIP OF BLOOMFIELD.

The Township Committee of the township of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, and myself, Township Clerk of the said township, being of the opinion that the public safety requires the issuing of this proclamation, I, Edward F. Farrand the said Township Clerk, by the advice of the said Township Committee, do hereby authorize the destruction by any person or persons, of all dogs, male and female, found running at large within the limits of said Township, on and after the first day of November next, except such as shall be properly muzzled, with a wire muzzle about the nose, securely fastened; provided that nothing in this proclamation shall apply to a dog or dogs of a non-resident passing through the town, accompanied by the owner or owners, of such dog or dogs.

Dated at Bloomfield, N. J., this 24th day of May, 1889.

EDWARD F. FARRAND, Township Clerk.

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